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A. H. BONETT,
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D. KENNEDY'S

FAVORITE

REMEDY.

The latter was sorely bruised in many
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little hero still did his best to stand
erect, and to keep down every sign of
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"You're a brave lad, and you'll make
a soldier some day," said the major to
him in Hindostanee. "Come with me,
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The lad seized the huge brown hand
which had defended him so bravely,

and kissed it with the deepest reverence;
and the two walked away together.

Six months have come and gone, and
Mr. Currie's hospitable house presents
a very different spectacle. The pretty
garden is trampled into dust and mire,
and the bodies of men and horses are
lying thick among the fragments of the
half destroyed stockade.

All the windows of the house are
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men held whispered counsel in one of
the upper rooms.

"No fear of the water running short,"
said Major Armstrong; "but even upon
half-rations the food will be out in four
days more."

Along the Way.

Though tangled hard life's knot may be,
And wearily we rue it,
The silent touch of labor time
Some day will surely undo it.

Then, darling, wait it;
Nothing is late
In the light that shines forever.

We faint at heart, a friend is gone;
We chafe at the world's harsh drilling;
We tremble at sorrows on every side,
At the myriad ways of killing.

Yet, say we all,
If a sparrow fall,
The Lord keepeth count forever.

He keepeth count. We come, we go,
We speculate, toil and labor;
But the measure to each of us will be
God only can give or alter.

He sendeth light.
He sendeth night.
And change goes on forever.

Why not take life with cheerful trust
With faith in the strength of weakness?
The slenderest day rears its head
With courage, yet with meekness.

A sunny face
Hath holy grace,
To woo the sun forever.

Forever and ever, my darling, yes—
Goodness and love are undying;
Only the troubles and cares of earth
Are winged from the first for flying.

Our way we plow
In the furrow "now";
But after the tilling and growing, the sheaf—
Soil for the root, but the sun for the leaf—
And God keepeth watch forever.

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

JUST IN TIME.

Dinner was over at last, and Mr.
Currie, English commissioner
at the upper station of Huttee-Bagh,
in Northern India, had gone out upon
the veranda with his wife and his two
—the colonel and major of the
—the light infantry—to enjoy the cool of
the evening.

On three sides the house was sur-
rounded by its compound, a large in-
closed space, serving the purpose of a
courtyard; but the fourth was only
separated by a small patch of garden
from the public road, along which a
number of native women were passing
with their little children on their heads.

The sight of them naturally turned
the conversation, on a favorite subject
with all Anglo-Indians, viz., the char-
acter of the natives, and the best method
of dealing with them.

"There's only one way," said the
colonel, emphatically. "Tell 'em what
they're to do, make 'em do it, and thrash
'em well if they don't. That's my way."

"Well, I venture to differ from you
there, colonel," said Mr. Currie, quietly.
"I've had to do some thrashing once or
twice. I own, but most of my native
servants seem to get along very well
without it, and they serve me excel-
lently. I assure you."

"I wish you'd been in my place,
then," retorted the colonel; "you'd
have changed your opinion. I warrant
that, why, the year before last, when
I had charge of two battalions of the
rescued down at Suteepore, because
there wasn't another queen's officer
within reach—just like my confounded
luck! There was no getting anything
done unless I did it myself. By Jove!
I had to be everything at once—my
own quartermaster, my own sergeant-
major, my own caterer, and—"

"And your own trumpeter, Colonel
Annesley?" asked Mrs. Currie, with an
arch smile.

The colonel's broad face reddened
ominously, and an explosion seemed
imminent, when a sudden clamor of
angry voices from the road below drew
them all to the front of the veranda.

The cause of the disturbance was
visible at a glance. Two half-drunk
English soldiers, swaggering along the
road, had come into violent contact
with a native boy who was running
past; and one of them, enraged at the
collision, had felled the poor lad to the
ground, and was unclasping his own
belt with the evident intention of beat-
ing him unmercifully.

"Serve the young whelp right!"
shouted the colonel, rubbing his hands;
"that's just what they all want."

The other officer, Major Armstrong—
popularly called Major Strongarm—was
a huge, brawny, silent man, whose forte
lay in acting rather than in talking; and
during the whole discussion he had sat
like a great bronze statue, never utter-
ing a word; but at the sight of this
man ill-using this child, he woke up
rather startlingly.

"To leap to the ground twelve feet be-
low, to dart across the garden, to vault
over the high stockade beyond, was the
work of a moment for the athletic ma-
jor; and in another instant he had
raised the fallen boy tenderly from the
ground, while saying to the foremost sol-
dier in the low, compressed tone of a
man who means what he says:

"Be off with you!"

"And who the deuce are you, shovin'
yernose in where you ain't wanted?"
roared the infuriated ruffian, to whose
eyes the major's plain evening dress
bore no token of his being an officer;

"jest you—"

The sentence was never finished.

At the sound of that insolent defiance,
Armstrong's sorely-trying patience gave
way altogether, and the powerful right
hand which had leveled its way through
a whole squadron of Sikh cavalry, fell
like a sledge-hammer upon his oppo-
nent's face, dashing him to the ground
as if he had been blown from the mouth
of a gun.

Well done, Major Armstrong!"
shouted Mr. Currie from above.
"You deserve your name, and no mis-
take."

At that formidable name, the soldier
took to his heels at once; and Armstrong,
without even looking at his prostrate
antagonist, proceeded to examine the
horns of the boy.

The latter was sorely bruised in many
places, and the blood was trickling
freely over his swarthy face; but the
little hero still did his best to stand
erect, and to keep down every sign of
the pain which he was enduring.

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Day was just breaking, when two
men held whispered counsel in one of
the upper rooms.

"No fear of the water running short,"
said Major Armstrong; "but even upon
half-rations the food will be out in four
days more."

"And then we'll just go right at
them, and cut our way through or die
for it!" growled the old colonel, with a
grim smile on his iron face, for, with all
his hardness and injustice, Colonel
Annesley was "gilt" to the backbone.

"We mustn't say anything to them
about it, though," added he, with a
side glance at Mr. Currie, who, standing
in the further corner, was anxiously
watching the thin, worn face of his
sleeping wife.

At that moment a loud cheer from be-
low startled them both, and the next
moment Ismail (the "major's" boy), as
every one now called him) burst into
the room, with a glow of unwonted ex-
citement on his dark face.

"Sahib," cried he, "there is hope for
us yet! A detachment of Inglez (Eng-
lish) are coming up the other bank of
the river; if we can send word to them
as they pass, we are saved!"

"How do you know?" asked the
major, eagerly.

"I heard the Sepoys say so, while I
was lying hid among the bushes yon-
der," answered the lad.

"Among the bushes yonder?" roared
the colonel, facing around. "Have you
seen them in the midst of those cut-
throat villains, listening to what they
said? Whatever did you do that for?"

"I did it for Sahib Armstrong's sake,"
replied the boy, proudly, "because he
was good to me."

The Dumb Creatures.

The 65,000 dogs of St. Petersburg
bring to the city treasury \$130,000 per
year, \$2 being the tax upon each dog.

A dog washed from a passing schooner
recently swam ashore, a distance of
nearly four miles, near Watch Hill
R. I.

A setter dog in Lee county, Ala., at-
tacked a large hawk in a barnyard and
whipped it in a fair fight.

A bath (Me.) cat after several un-
successful attempts to catch a pigeon,
put corn kernels on the sidewalk before
a post, behind which she hid, and soon
had material enough for supper.

An aged dog committed suicide at
Manchester, N. H., by walking into the
water and laying down till the tide
came in, and drowned him, notwith-
standing all his master's efforts to get
him out.

Mr. Tupper, a farmer who lives above
Columbus, Ga., has given us the follow-
ing story: He was going out to his
corn crib the other morning, he says,
when he saw a large rat, with head
carrying a fat, round, brown corn in
his mouth, while at the same time, his
tail was wrapped around another large
ear which he was dragging behind him.

Friday, a gentleman living in Leeton,
Ga., had his eye-glasses yanked from his
nose and devoured by a mule. A wit-
ness of this remarkable spectacle says
that he never knew of a mule with such
a vision of the gentleman, and waited
deliberately for his approach, taking off
the glasses and gulping them down as if
they had been a delicious morsel of hay.

At New Philadelphia, Ohio, a huge
dog in attempting to scale a high fence
in order to reach a small child, fell
and landed at the bottom of the well, sixty
feet deep. The family thought the
water rather "riley" next morning, but
could not account for it. About noon
the hired girl upon looking into the
well discovered a pair of gleaming eyes
staring at her from the bottom of the
well. She called out to the dog, and help
was obtained and the dog drawn up.
He was in the well about fifteen hours,
and kept alive by swimming all the time.

A cockatoo who has seen half a cen-
tury of shine and shade was presented
by his master three years ago to the zo-
ological gardens, Philadelphia. Upon his
return from Europe recently the gentle-
man went to the gardens, and standing
where the bird could see him, called
him by name. The cockatoo at once
recognized his voice, and flew about the
cage in a state of intense excitement.

When the former master went up to the
cage, the bird became very restless, and
with joy. The door of the cage was
opened and the bird at once perched
upon the visitor's shoulder and per-
formed many tricks which he had
learned in the old days.

A New York Fireman's Brave Deed.

In September, 1868, the residence of
James Gordon Bennett, founder of the
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place in the hands of three trustees, on
April 13, 1869, \$1,500, the income of which
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him being told as follows:

At midnight on the second day of
May, 1878, fire was discovered on the
upper floors of 28 East Fourth street.
The alarm was sounded for station 339.
Foreman Meagher, of Hook and Ladder
company 3, with his command, was in
front of the burning building in less than
two minutes from the time the alarm
was sounded, and on his arrival he saw
a woman partly hanging out of the
fourth story window. He ordered a
fire-ladder to be placed against the
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Syrup is the best remedy extant for a "tick-
le" or congested condition of the throat and
bronchial tubes, giving instant relief.

TIMELY TOPICS.

An American physician who has
given attention to the study of alcohol-
ism, said in the course of an address
recently delivered before a learned so-
ciety: "There are constantly crowd-
ing into our insane asylums persons
fifty to eighty years of age, who in early
life were addicted to the use of alcoholic
liquors, but who had reformed, and for
ten, twenty or thirty years have never
touched a drop. The injury which the
liquor did to their bodies seemed to have
all disappeared, being triumphed over
by the full vigor of their manhood, but
when their natural force began to de-
crease, then the concealed mischief
showed itself in insanity, clearly demon-
strating that the injury to their bodies
was of a permanent character."

Gen. Tom Harrison's Texas brigade,
composed of two Texas, one Tennessee
and one Arkansas regiment, was proba-
bly the last brigade under fire during the
war, as it was engaged with Northern
troops between Raleigh and Salisbury,
N. C., just above Chapel Hill, on April
14, 1865, the day that the armistice was
declared. The flag carried on that day
by one of the Texas regiments (the
Eleventh Texas Light Infantry) is now in
the possession of John Halford, of Den-
son, Texas, who was a member of that
regiment at the time, and who concealed it
and brought it home with him in the
back of his jacket. This is probably the
last Southern flag fired at by United
States troops. It is a small silk Con-
federate flag, and still in good condition,
there being only one small tear in it, and
that was done the last day it was under
fire.

When Mr. Gladstone was making his
great speeches in the British parlia-
ment on the 10th of October, 1886, in
support of the Home Rule bill, he was
presented with a small silk Con-
federate flag, and still in good condition,
there being only one small tear in it, and
that was done the last day it was under
fire.

The vital statistics of New York city
for 1879 present some instructive results.
The mortality of the city keeps pace
with it, if it does not advance faster than
the city's growth in population. More
than one-half the entire number of
deaths are recorded from tenement
houses. While more than half the
people of the city are of American birth,
the marriage records of the year show
only 3,672 native marriages out of a total
of 8,408, though the native-born brides
turn the scale on the other side with the
number of 4,732. According to the
State census of 1875, the German em-
pire furnished sixteen per cent. of the
inhabitants of the city; according to
the bureau of vital statistics, men of